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A

DISCOURSE

ON THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF THE
REV. JOSEPH TUCKERMAN, D. D.

DELIVERED AT THE

WARREN STREET CHAPEL, ON SUNDAY
EVENING, JAN. 31, 1841.

BY WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

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## DISCOURSE.

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FIVE years ago this Chapel was dedicated to the moral and religious instruction of the poor of this city. This event makes no noise in history, and may seem to some to merit no particular notice. It is remembered, however, by not a few individuals and families, as the beginning of many good influences. Still more, it is not an event which stands alone. This chapel is the sign of an important movement, which is not soon to pass away. It sprung from the labors of that faithful servant of God, to whom we owe the establishment of the Ministry at Large in this place. It is intimately connected with, and reveals to us, his life and labors; and accordingly the anniversary of its dedication to religious services, is a fit occasion for offering a tribute to his memory. I have wished, ever since his removal, to express

my reverence for his character, and my sense of the greatness of his work. To these topics I invite your attention. But before entering on them, I propose to consider a more general subject, which was often on the lips of our departed friend, to which he constantly recurred in his writings, and on the comprehension of which the permanence of the Ministry at Large chiefly depends. This subject is, the obligation of a city to care for and watch over the moral health of its members, and especially to watch over the moral safety and elevation of its poorer and more exposed classes. The life of our departed friend embodied and expressed this truth with singular power, and the consideration of it is a natural and fit introduction to a memorial of his virtues and labors, as well as particularly adapted to the occasion which has brought us together.

Why is it, my friends, that we are brought so near to one another in cities? It is, that nearness should awaken sympathy; that multiplying wants should knit us more closely together; that we should understand one another's perils and sufferings; that we should act perpetually on one another for good. Why were we not brought into being in solitudes, endowed each with the

power of satisfying to the full his particular wants ? God has room enough for a universe of separate, lonely, silent beings, of selfish, unshared enjoyment. But through the whole range of nature, we find nothing insulated, nothing standing alone. Union is the law of his creation. Even matter is an emblem of universal sympathy, for all its particles tend towards one another, and its great masses are bound into one system by mutual attraction. How much more was the human race made for sympathy and mutual aid. How plain is the social destination of man, born as he is into the arms of love, sustained from the beginning by human kindness, endowed with speech, and plunged among fellow beings, to whose feelings he cannot but respond, into whose hearts he yearns to pour his own, and whose rights, feelings and interests, are commended to his regard by a law of love and justice, written within him by a divine hand. Can we ask why such beings are gathered into cities ? Is it not, that they should propose a common weal ? Is it not that they should desire and seek each other's highest good ?

What is the happiest community ? What the city which should be chosen above all others as our home ? It is that, the members of which form one body, in which no class seeks a monopoly of hon-

or or good, in which no class is a prey to others, in which there is a general desire, that every human being may have opportunity to develope his powers. What is the happiest community? It is not that, in which the goods of life are accumulated in a few hands, in which property sinks a great gulf between different ranks, in which one portion of society swells with pride, and the other is broken in spirit; but a community, in which labor is respected, and the means of comfort and improvement are liberally diffused. It is not a community, in which intelligence is developed in a few, whilst the many are given up to ignorance, superstition, and a gross animal existence; but one, in which the mind is so revered in every condition, that the opportunities of its culture are afforded to all. It is a community, in which religion is not used to break the many into subjection, but is dispensed, even to the poorest, to rescue them from the degrading influence of poverty, to give them generous sentiments and hopes, to exalt them from animals into men, into Christians, into children of God. This is a happy community, where human nature is held in honor, where, to rescue it from ignorance and crime, to give it an impulse towards knowledge, virtue and happiness, is thought the chief end of the social union.

It is the unhappiness of most large cities, that, instead of this union and sympathy, they consist of different ranks, so widely separated as, indeed, to form different communities. In most large cities there may be said to be two nations, understanding as little of one another, having as little intercourse, as if they lived in different lands. In such a city as London, the distance of a few streets only will carry you from one stage of civilization to another, from the excess of refinement to barbarism, from the abodes of cultivated intellect to brutal ignorance, from what is called fashion to the grossest manners ; and these distinct communities know comparatively nothing of each other. There are travellers from that great city who come to visit our Indians, but who leave at home a community as essentially barbarous as that which they seek, who, perhaps, have spent all their lives in the midst of it, giving it no thought. To these travellers, a hovel, in one of the suburbs which they have left, would be as strange a place as the wigwam of our own forests. They know as little what thousands of their own city suffer, to what extremities thousands are reduced, by what arts thousands live, as they know of the modes of life in savage tribes. How much more useful lessons would they learn, and how much holier feelings

would be awakened in them, were they to penetrate the dens of want, and wo, and crime, a few steps from their own door, than they gain from exploring this new world ! And what I say of London is true also of this city in a measure. Not a few grow up and die here, without understanding how multitudes live and die around them, without having descended into the damp cellar, where childhood and old age spend day and night, winter and summer, or without scaling the upper room, which contains within its narrow and naked walls not one, but two and even three families. They see the poor in the street, but never follow them in thought to their cheerless homes, or ask how the long day is filled up. They travel, in books at least, to distant regions, among nations of different languages and complexions, but are strangers to the condition and character of masses who speak their native tongue, live under their eye, and are joined with them for weal or woe in the same social state. This estrangement of men from men, of class from class, is one of the saddest features of a great city. It shows that the true bond of communities is as yet imperfectly known.

The happy community is that, in which its members care for one another, and in which there is especially an interest in the intellectual and moral

improvement of all. That sympathy which provides for the outward wants of all, which sends supplies to the poor man's house, is a blessed fruit of Christianity ; and it is happy when this prevails in and binds together a city. But we have now learnt, that the poor are not to be essentially, permanently aided by the mere relief of bodily wants. We are learning, that the greatest efforts of a community should be directed not to relieve indigence, but to dry up its sources, to supply moral wants, to spread purer principles and habits, to remove the temptations to intemperance and sloth, to snatch the child from moral perdition, and to make the man equal to his own support, by awakening in him the spirit and the powers of a man. The glory and happiness of a community consists in vigorous efforts, springing from love, sustained by faith, for the diffusion through all classes of intelligence, of self-respect, of self-control, of thirst for knowledge, and for moral and religious growth. Here is the first end, the supreme interest which a community should propose, and in achieving it, all other interests are accomplished.

It is a plain truth, and yet how little understood, that the greatest thing in a city is Man himself. He is its end. We admire its palaces ; but the mechanic who builds them is greater than palaces.

Human nature in its lowest form, in the most abject child of want, is of more worth than all outward improvements. You talk of the prosperity of your city. I know but one true prosperity. Does the human soul grow and prosper here? Do not point me to your thronged streets. I ask, who throng them? Is it a low-minded, self-seeking, gold-worshipping, man-despising crowd, which I see rushing through them? Do I meet in them, under the female form, the gaily-decked prostitute, or the idle, wasteful, aimless, profitless woman of fashion? Do I meet the young man, showing off his pretty person as the perfection of nature's works, wasting his golden hours in dissipation and sloth, and bearing in his countenance and gaze the marks of a profligate? Do I meet a grasping multitude, seeking to thrive by concealments and frauds? An anxious multitude, driven by fear of want to doubtful means of gain? An unfeeling multitude, caring nothing for others, if they may themselves prosper or enjoy? In the neighborhood of your comfortable or splendid dwellings are there abodes of squalid misery, of reckless crime, of bestial intemperance, of half famished childhood, of profaneness, of dissoluteness, of temptation for thoughtless youth? And are these multiplying with your prosperity, and outstripping and neutralizing the

influences of truth and virtue? Then your prosperity is a vain show. Its true use is to make a better people. The glory and happiness of a city consist not in the number, but the character of its population. Of all the fine arts in a city, the grandest is the art of forming noble specimens of humanity. The costliest productions of our manufactures are cheap, compared with a wise and good human being. A city, which should practically adopt the principle, that man is worth more than wealth or show, would gain an impulse that would place it at the head of cities. A city, in which men should be trained worthy of the name, would become the metropolis of the earth.

God has prospered us, and, as we believe, is again to prosper us in our business; and let us show our gratitude by inquiring for what end prosperity is given, and how it may best accomplish the end of the giver. Let us use it to give a higher character to our city, to send refining, purifying influences through every department of life. Let us especially use it, to multiply good influences in those classes which are most exposed to temptation. Let us use it to prevent the propagation of crime from parent to child. Let us use it in behalf of those, in whom our nature is most depressed, and who, if neglected, will probably bring on themselves the arm of penal

law. Nothing is so just a cause of self-respect in a city, as the healthy, moral condition of those who are most exposed to crime. This is the best proof, that the prosperous classes are wise, intelligent and worthy of their prosperity. Crime is to the state what dangerous disease is to the human frame, and to expel it should be to the community an object of the deepest concern. This topic is so important, that I cannot leave it without urging it on your serious thoughts.

Society has hitherto employed its energy chiefly to punish crime. It is infinitely more important to prevent it ; and this I say not for the sake of those alone on whom the criminal preys. I do not think only or chiefly of those who suffer from crime. I plead also, and plead more, for those who perpetrate it. In moments of clear, calm thought, I feel more for the wrong doer than for him who is wronged. In a case of theft, incomparably the most wretched man is he who steals, not he who is robbed. The innocent are not *undone* by acts of violence or fraud from which they suffer. They are innocent, though injured. They do not bear the brand of infamous crime ; and no language can express the import of this distinction. When I visit the cell of a convict, and see a human being who has sunk beneath his race, who is cast out by

his race, whose name cannot be pronounced in his home or only pronounced to start a tear, who has forfeited the confidence of every friend, who has lost that spring of virtue and effort, the hope of esteem, whose conscience is burdened with irreparable guilt, who has hardened himself against the appeals of religion and love, here, here I see a Ruin. The man whom he has robbed or murdered, how much happier than he ! What I want is, not merely that society should protect itself against crime, but that it shall do all that it can to preserve its exposed members from crime, and so do for the sake of these as truly as for its own. It should not suffer human nature to fall so deeply, so terribly, if the ruin can be avoided. Society ought not to breed Monsters in its bosom. If it will not use its prosperity to save the ignorant and poor from the blackest vice, if it will even quicken vice by its selfishness and luxury, its worship of wealth, its scorn of human nature, then it must suffer, and deserves to suffer, from crime.

I would that, as a city, we might understand and feel, how far we are chargeable with much of the crime and misery around us, of which we complain. Is it not an acknowledged moral truth, that we are answerable for all evil which we are able, but have failed, to prevent ? Were Providence to put us

in possession of a remedy for a man dying at our feet, and should we withhold it, would not the guilt of his death lie at our door? Are we not accessory to the destruction of the blind man, who, in our sight approaches a precipice, and whom we do not warn of his danger? On the same ground much of the guilt and misery around us, must be imputed to ourselves. Why is it, that so many children in a large city grow up in ignorance and vice? Because that city abandons them to ruinous influences, from which it might and ought to rescue them. Why is beggary so often transmitted from parent to child? Because the public, and because individuals do little or nothing to break the fatal inheritance. Whence come many of the darkest crimes? From despondency, recklessness, and a pressure of suffering, which sympathy would have lightened. Human sympathy, Christian sympathy, were it to penetrate the dwellings of the ignorant, poor and suffering, were its voice lifted up to encourage, guide and console, and its arm stretched out to sustain, what a new world would it call into being! What a new city should we live in! How many victims of stern justice, would become the living, joyful witnesses of the regenerating power of a wise Christian love.

In these remarks I have expressed sympathy

with the criminal ; but do not imagine, that I have any desire to screen him from that wise punishment, which aims at once to reform offenders and protect society. The mercy, which would turn aside the righteous penalties of law, is, however unconsciously, a form of cruelty. As friends of the tempted part of the community, we should make the escape of the criminal next to hopeless. But let not society stop here. Let it use every means in its power of rescuing its members from the degradation and misery of crime and public punishment. Let it especially protect the exposed child. Here is a paramount duty, which no community has yet fulfilled. If the child be left to grow up in utter ignorance of duty, of its Maker, of its relation to society, to grow up in an atmosphere of profaneness and intemperance, and in the practice of falsehood and fraud, let not the community complain of his crime. It has quietly looked on and seen him, year after year, arming himself against its order and peace ; and who is most to blame, when at last he deals the guilty blow ? A moral care over the tempted and ignorant portion of the state is a primary duty of society.

I know that objection will be made to this representation of duty. It will be said, by not a few,

“ We have not time to take care of others. We do our part in taking care of ourselves and our families. Let every man watch over his own household, and society will be at peace.” I reply first, this defence is not founded in truth. Very few can honestly say, that they have no time or strength to spend beyond their families. How much time, thought, wealth, strength, is wasted, absolutely wasted, by a large proportion of every people. Were the will equal to the power, were there a fraternal concern for the falling and fallen members of the community, what an amount of energy would be spent in redeeming society from its terrible evils, without the slightest diminution of exertion at home.

But, still more, we defeat ourselves, when we neglect the moral state of the city where we live, under pretence of caring for our families. How little may it profit you, my friends, that you labor at home, if in the next street, amidst haunts of vice, the incendiary, the thief, the ruffian, is learning his lesson, or preparing his instruments of destruction? How little may it profit you, that you are striving to educate your children, if around you, the children of others are neglected, are contaminated with evil principles or impure passions? Where is it that our sons often receive the most

powerful impulses? In the street, at school, from associates. Their ruin may be sealed by a young female brought up in the haunts of vice. Their first oaths may be echoes of profaneness which they hear from the sons of the abandoned. What is the great obstruction to our efforts for educating our children? It is the corruption around us. That corruption steals into our homes, and neutralizes the influence of home. We hope to keep our little circle pure, amidst general impurity. This is like striving to keep our particular houses healthy, when infection is raging around us. If an accumulation of filth in our neighborhood, were sending forth foul stench and pestilential vapors on every side, we should not plead as a reason for letting it remain, that we were striving to prevent a like accumulation within our own doors. Disease would not less certainly invade us, because the source of it was not prepared by ourselves. The infection of moral evil is as perilous as that of the plague. We have a personal interest in the prevalence of order and good principles on every side. If any member of the social body suffer, all must suffer with it. This is God's ordination and his merciful ordination. It is thus, that he summons us to watch over our brother for his good. In this city, where the children are taught

chiefly in public schools, all parents have peculiar reason for seeking that all classes of society be improved.

Let me add one more reply to the excuse for neglecting others, drawn from the necessity of attending to our own families. True, we must attend to our families ; but what is the great end which we should propose in regard to our children ? Is it, to train them up for themselves only ? to shut them up in their own pleasures ? to give them a knowledge, by which they may serve their private interests ? Should it not be our first care, to breathe into them the spirit of Christians ? to give them a generous interest in our race ? to fit them to live and to die for their fellow-beings ? Is not this the true education ? And can we then educate them better, than by giving them, in our own persons, examples of a true concern for our less prosperous fellow-creatures ? Should not our common tones awaken in them sympathy with the poor, and ignorant, and depraved ? Should not the influences of home fit them to go forth as the benefactors of their race ? This is a Christian education. This is worth all accomplishments. Give to society a generous, disinterested son or daughter, and you will pay with interest the debt you owe it. Blessed is that home, where such

members are formed, to be heads of future families and fountains of pure influence to the communities of which they form a part. In this respect our education is most deficient. Whilst we pay profusely for superficial accomplishments, very little is done to breathe a noble, heroic, self-sacrificing spirit into the young.

In reply to these remarks, ill-boding scepticism will cry out, "Why all this labor? Society cannot be improved. Its evils cannot be done away." But this croaking has little significance to one, who believes in Christ, the divinely ordained Regenerator of the world, and who compares, in the light of history, the present with past times. On these authorities, I maintain that society *can* be improved. I am confident, that this city would become a new place, a new creation, were the intelligent and good to seek in earnest to spread their intelligence and goodness. We have powers enough here for a mighty change, were they faithfully used. I would add, that God permits evils for this very end, that they should be resisted and subdued. He intends that this world shall grow better and happier, not through his own immediate agency, but through the labors and sufferings of benevolence. This world is left, in a measure, to the power of evil, that it should become a monument, a trophy to the

power of goodness. The greatness of its crimes and woes is not a ground for despair, but a call to greater effort. On our earth the Divine Philanthropist has begun a war with evil. His cross is erected to gather together soldiers for the conflict, and victory is written in his blood. The spirit which Jesus Christ breathes, has already proved itself equal to this warfare. How much has it already done to repress ferocity in Christian nations, to purify domestic life, to abolish or mitigate slavery, to provide asylums for disease and want? These are but its first fruits. In the progress already made by communities under its influences, we are taught that society is not destined to repeat itself perpetually, to stand still forever. We learn, that great cities need not continue to be sinks of pollution. No man has seized the grand peculiarity of the present age, who does not see in it the means and material of a vast and beneficent social change. The revolution which we are called to advance, has in truth begun. The great distinction of our times, is a diffusion of intelligence and refinement and of the spirit of progress through a vastly wider sphere than formerly. The middle and laboring classes have means of improvement not dreamed of in earlier times; and why stop here? Why not increase these means where now enjoyed? Why not extend them, where they are not

possessed ? Why shall any portion of the community be deprived of light, of sympathy, of the aids by which they may rise to comfort and virtue ?

At the present moment, it is singularly unreasonable to doubt and despair of the improvement of society. Providence is placing before our eyes, in broad light, the success of efforts for the melioration of human affairs. I might refer to the change produced among ourselves within a few years, by the exertions of good men for the suppression of intemperance, the very vice which seemed the most inveterate, and which, more than all others, spreads poverty and crime. But this moral revolution in our own country sinks into nothing, when compared with the amazing and almost incredible work now in progress on the other side of the ocean. A few years ago, had we been called to name the country of all others most degraded, beggared, and hopelessly crushed by intemperance, we should have selected Ireland. There men and women, old and young, were alike swept away by what seemed the irresistible torrent. Childhood was baptized into drunkenness. And now, in the short space of two or three years, this vice of ages has almost been rooted out. In a moral point of view, the Ireland of the past is vanished. A new Ireland has started into life. Three millions of her population have taken the pledge of total abstinence, and instances

of violating the pledge are very, very rare. The great national anniversaries, on which the whole laboring population used to be dissolved in excess, are now given to innocent pleasures. The excise on ardent spirits has now been diminished nearly half a million sterling. History records no revolution like this. It is the grand event of the present day. Father Mathew, the leader in this moral revolution, ranks far above the heroes and statesmen of the times. As Protestants, we smile at the old legends of the Catholic Church ; but here is something greater, and it is true. However we may question the claims of her departed saints, she has a living minister, if he may be judged from one work, who deserves to be canonized, and whose name should be placed in the calendar not far below Apostles. And is this an age, in which to be sceptical as to radical changes in society, as to the recovery of the mass of men from brutal ignorance and still more brutal vice ?

The remarks which have now been made are needed at the present moment. Our city is growing, and we are impatient for its more rapid growth, as if size and numbers were happiness. We are anxious to swell our population. Is it not worth our while to inquire, what kind of a population we are to gather here ? Are we so blind as to be will-

ing and anxious to repeat the experience of other cities? Are we willing to increase only our physical comforts, our material wealth? Do we not know, that great cities have hitherto drawn together the abandoned? have bred a horde of ignorant, profligate, criminal poor? have been deformed by the horrible contrasts of luxury and famine, of splendor and abject woe? Do we not know, that, among the indigent and laborious classes of great cities, the mortality is fearfully great in comparison with that of the country, a result to be traced to the pestilential atmosphere which these people breathe, to the filth, darkness and dampness of their dwellings, to the suffering, comfortless condition of their children, and to the gross vices which spring up from ignorance and destitution? Do we want no better destiny for this our dear and honored metropolis? You will not suspect me of being a foe to what are called improvements. Let our city grow. Let railroads connect it with the distant West. Let commerce link it with the remotest East. But, whilst its wealth and numbers grow, let its means of intelligence, religion, virtue, domestic purity and fraternal union grow faster. Let us be more anxious for moral than physical growth. May God withhold prosperity, unless it is to be inspired, hallowed, ennobled by public

spirit, by institutions for higher education, and by increasing concern of the enlightened and opulent for the ignorant and poor. If prosperity is to narrow and harden us, to divide us into castes of high and low, to corrupt the rich by extravagance and pride, and to create a more reckless class of poor, then God avert it from us. But prosperity need not be so abused. It admits of noble uses. It may multiply the means of good. It may multiply teachers of truth and virtue. It may make the desert places of society blossom as the rose. To this end may our prosperity be consecrated. Thus may we requite the Author of all good.

How we may accomplish the good work now set before us, I have not time to say. I would only ask your attention to one means of improving our city, to which our attention is particularly called by the occasion which has brought us together. I refer to the ministry at large. The reasons of this institution are too obvious to require labored exposition. That those classes of society, which enjoy fewest advantages of education, peculiarly need instruction and the voice of the living teacher ; that those, whose habits, conditions and wants exclude them, in effect, from our churches, should be visited in their homes by the ministers of Christianity, who does not see and acknowledge ? If

we, with every means of culture, need the Christian ministry, the poor need it more. Is it not a duty, and should we not rejoice, to send forth faithful, enlightened men, whose office shall be, to strengthen those whom corrupt influences are sweeping from duty with peculiar power, to guide those who have no other counsellor, to admonish and cheer those who are pressed with heaviest temptations, to awaken the minds of those who are almost unconscious of their intellectual powers, to breathe fortitude into those who suffer most, to open a better world to those to whom this world is darkened, and above all to snatch their children from ruin, to protect the young who seem born to a heritage of want or crime? The ministry devoted to these offices is undeniably a wise, Christian, noble institution. This evening you are called to contribute to its support. Do so cheerfully. You are not called to uphold a plan of doubtful charity, or to send teachers to remote regions, where years of anxious labor must be spent on an unbroken, unthankful soil, before the fruit can appear. You are invited to sustain an institution, seated in the heart of our city, and which, as you know, is sending the waters of life through our own population. Its chapels, Sunday schools, libraries, are in the midst of you. The doors, to which its ministers

carry counsel and consolation, are near your own. You see its influences this moment in these children. Its aim is, to remove the saddest features of our civilization, the deep corruption of great cities ; and in the energy which it now puts forth, we have a pledge of a happier era, in which society will prosper without the terrible sacrifice of so many of its members. May this good work go on and spread, and may future generations bless us for saving them from some of the worst evils which darken our own age.

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I have now closed my remarks on the general topic suggested by this occasion. But the work of the Ministry for the poor has brought to my mind solemn and tender thoughts, which I know you will not think foreign to our present meeting, and which it will be a relief to my own spirit to express. The Ministry at Large in this city was chiefly originated and established by one of my earliest, dearest friends, who closed his eyes, not many months since, on a foreign shore. Allow me to pay a tribute to his memory ; and in doing this, allow me to speak with the freedom of friendship. I have not labored to collect materials for a regular history of this distinguished man, for I believe, that I shall be more just to his memory in giving

reminiscences of our long intercourse, than in reporting a series of events. I will utter, with all simplicity, what rises to my memory, and I hope that the clear image which I bear of my departed friend may be transferred to the hearts of my hearers.

My acquaintance with JOSEPH TUCKERMAN began about forty-seven years ago, and, during most of the time which has since elapsed, we lived together as brothers, communicating thoughts, feelings, reproofs, encouragements, with a faithfulness not often surpassed. I think of him with peculiar pleasure, as he was, perhaps, the most signal example, within my remembrance, of Improvement ; of a man overcoming obstacles, and making progress under disadvantages. When I first met him in college, he had the innocence of childhood ; he was sympathizing, generous, without a stain of the vices to which youth is prone ; but he did not seem to have any serious views of life. Three years he passed almost as a holiday, unconscious of his privileges, uninterested in his severer studies, surrendering himself to sportive impulses, which, however harmless in themselves, consumed the hours which should have been given to toil. How often has he spoken to me, with grief and compunction, of his early wasted life ! In his last college year, a change began, and the remote cause of it

he often spoke of with lively sensibility. His mother, he was accustomed to say, was one of the best of women. She had instilled into him the truths of religion with a mother's love, tempered with no common wisdom. The seed was sown in a kindly nature. The religious principle, which at first had only been a restraint from evil, began to incite to good ; and to this, the progress and greatness of his life were mainly due. On leaving college he gave himself to the Christian ministry ; but with the unchastened inconsideration of his youth, he plunged into its duties with little preparation. The consequence was a succession of mortifications most painful at the time, but of which he afterwards spoke as a merciful discipline. So unpromising was the opening of a career of singular energy and usefulness.

By the kind ordination of Providence he was settled in a small, obscure parish, which offered nothing to gratify ambition or to dissipate the mind. Years passed in a life which we should call monotonous, but which was singularly fitted to give him the calmness and steadiness which he needed. Here he became a student, a faithful, laborious student, and accumulated much knowledge, and devoted no little time to the thorny topics of theology. Thus the defects of his early intellectual

training were repaired, and his faculties sharpened and invigorated.

He was not, however, made to wear out life in such pursuits. His strength did not lie in abstract speculation. Had he given himself to this, he would never have forced his way to new or great views. His heart was his great power. To his moral, religious, benevolent sentiments, he owed chiefly the expansion of his intellectual nature. Having laid a good foundation by study, an unerring instinct taught him that study was not his vocation. His heart yearned for active life. He became more and more penetrated with the miseries and crimes of the world. As he sat in his lonely study, the thought of what men endured on the land and the sea withdrew him from his books. He was irresistibly attracted towards his fellow-creatures by their sufferings, and, still more, by a consciousness that there was something great beneath their sufferings, by a sympathy with their spiritual wants. His study window looked on the sea; and the white sail, as it skirted the horizon, reminded him of the ignorance and moral perils of the sailor; and accordingly he was the first man in the country to make an effort for the improvement and instruction of this class of men. The society which he instituted for this end did not an-

swer its purpose, for he knew little or nothing of the people he wished to serve, nor was the community then awake, as it now is, to the work of reform. But the spirit which was moving in him, was not depressed by failure. He soon gave himself with zeal to the missionary cause ; thought, talked and wrote about it with characteristic energy ; and, had not family ties prevented, would have devoted himself, I believe, to the service of the heathen.

Whilst the passion for conflict with evil was struggling within him, his health failed, and for a time he had reason to fear that he was to be cut off from usefulness. But the same gracious Providence, which had ordained, with signal kindness, the events of his past existence, was guiding him through this dark passage to the great sphere and purpose of his life. His disease incapacitated him for answering the demand made upon his voice by the pulpit. He felt that he must cease from regular preaching ; and what, then, was he to do ? In a favored hour, the thought of devoting himself to the service of the poor of this city entered his mind, and met a response within which gave it the character of a divine monition. He consulted me, and in obedience to a long-rooted conviction, that society needs new ministries and agencies for its re-

demption, and that men, inspired with self-sacrificing zeal for its redemption, are God's best gifts to the world, I encouraged his faith and hope.

At first, he entered almost tremblingly the houses of the poor, where he was a stranger, to offer his sympathy and friendship. But "the sheep knew the voice of the shepherd." The poor recognised by instinct their friend, and from the first moment a relation of singular tenderness and confidence was established between them. That part of his life I well remember, for he came often to pour into my ear and heart his experience and success. I well remember the effect, which contact with the poor produced on his mind. He had loved them when he knew little of them ; when their distresses came to him through the imagination. But he was a proof, that no speculation or imagination can do the work of actual knowledge. So deep was the sympathy, so intense the interest which the poor excited in him, that it seemed as if a new fountain of love had been opened within him. No favorite of fortune could have repaired to a palace, where the rays of royal favor were to be centered on him, with a more eager spirit and quicker step, than our friend hastened to the abodes of want in the darkest alleys of our city. How often have I stood humbled before the deep, spiritual love, which burst from

him in those free communications which few enjoyed beside myself. I cannot forget one evening, when, in conversing with the late Dr. Follen and myself on the claims of the poor, and on the cold-heartedness of society, he not only deeply moved us, but filled us with amazement by his depth of feeling and energy of utterance; nor can I forget, how, when he left us, Dr. Follen, a man fitted by his own spirit to judge of greatness, said to me, *He is a great man.*

This strong love for his fellow-creatures was not a wild enthusiasm. It was founded on clear, deliberate perception of the spiritual nature, the immortal destination of every human being. Whoever discerns truly, and feels deeply, this greatness of humanity, this relation of the soul to God, must indeed pass for an enthusiast in the present day; for our state of society is, in a great degree, a denial of the higher rights, claims and destinies of a human being.

It was this love for the poor which gave to our friend's labors their efficacy, which made his ministry a living thing, and which gave it perpetuity. This house and our other chapels had their foundation in this love. He could not be kept from the poor. Cold, storms, sickness, severe pain, could not shut him up at home. Nothing but his domes-

tic ties prevented him from taking up his abode among the indigent. He would sometimes say, that could he, on leaving the world, choose his sphere, it would be that of a ministering spirit to the poor; and-if the spirits of departed good men return to our world, his, I doubt not, might be found in the haunts of want and wo. In this, as I have already said, there was no blinding enthusiasm. He saw distinctly the vices which are often found among the poor, their craft, and sloth, and ingratitude. His ministry was carried on in the midst of their frequent filth and recklessness. The coarsest realities pressed him on every side. These were not the scenes to make an enthusiast. But amidst these he saw, now the fainter signs, now the triumphs of a divine virtue. It was his delight to relate examples of patience, disinterestedness, piety, amidst severest sufferings. These taught him, that, in the poorest hovels, he was walking among immortals, and his faith in the divinity within the soul turned his ministry into joy.

Dr. Tuckerman has sometimes been called the founder of the Ministry at Large. If by this language be meant, that he first planned and established a distinct ministry for the poor, the language is incorrect. Before his time, there had been men, who had devoted themselves exclusively and faithfully

to the religious instruction of those, who cannot be gathered into the ordinary places of worship. His merit lay in giving a new life to the work, in showing what it could do, in raising it from neglect to a high place among the means of regenerating the world, and in awakening new hopes of the improvement of what had been looked on as the hopeless portion of society. The greatest benefactors of men, are not so much those, who discover or contrive wholly original and untried modes of action, as those who seize on familiar means or agencies, and exalt them into new powers. Our friend had hardly entered into his ministry, when he discovered its capacities. He saw, that it opened a sphere of usefulness which had hardly been dreamed of. With prophetic faith, he threw into it his whole soul ; and his example and success raised up others to confide in and to wield the same power. He may thus be said, in an important sense, to have established this ministry. Through him it has taken root in men's faith. It has passed, with all the energy which he imparted to it, into other hands, and is seen and felt to deserve a place among our permanent institutions. Much of this success was undoubtedly due to his singleness of heart ; but much also to his clear insight into the principles of human nature, which rendered the poor open to good influences, and into the means, by which human

beings in their condition may be most effectually approached.

In carrying on this great work, Dr. Tuckerman did not stand alone. He received important aids from sympathizing friends. He began his labors under the patronage of the American Unitarian Association. At length, to insure the continuance of the Ministry at Large and to extend its operation, a Union, or, as it is called, a Fraternity of several Churches in the city was formed, to take this important work under its guidance and care. There were some among us, who had come to feel, that a Christian church was established not only for the edification of its own members, but for the general cause of Christianity ; and that it was especially bound to extend the means of moral and religious instruction to such families or individuals in its neighborhood, as from poverty or any other causes were deprived of the benefit of the public ordinances of religion. In conformity to this idea, the Fraternity was formed, on a simple but efficient plan. In each of the churches disposed to co-operate for the support of the Ministry at Large, a branch-association is established, the members of which contribute to this work according to their means or sense of duty, and which is represented in a central board, to whose discretion the management of the whole concern is entrusted. By this arrange-

ment various good ends are accomplished. The ministry of the poor has become linked with our most important religious institution, and may be hoped to partake of the durableness of the regular ministry. The churches are knit together by a new bond, not one of creeds or tribunals or organizations to accumulate power, but the holy bond of charity; and still more, they are brought to recognise distinctly and practically their obligation to look beyond themselves and to labor for the extension of christian truth and virtue.

This association gave but a small salary to Dr. Tuckerman, but he desired nothing beyond what was necessary to save him from debt; and this he did desire. On this point he was peculiarly sensitive, so much so, that a notice of him would be imperfect, in which this trait should be omitted. He shrunk from the slightest pecuniary embarrassment as an intolerable evil. "Owe no man anything," was a precept which he kept in sight in all his domestic arrangements; and by his strict economy and wise providence, he was able to spend a long life and bring up a large family, without once anticipating his income, or without contracting a debt. Some of his friends of looser habits received lessons of wisdom and reproof in this respect from his counsel and example.

As to the great ideas which ruled over and

guided his ministry, and as to the details of his operations, they may be gathered best from the reports, which he was accustomed to make to the societies under whose patronage he acted. He published indeed a volume on this subject; but it is hardly worthy of his abilities or his cause. It was prepared under the pressure of disease, when his constitution was so exhausted by excessive labor, that he was compelled to forego all out-door duties. He wrote it with a morbid impatience, as if he might be taken away before giving it to the world. It ought in truth to be regarded as an extemporaneous effusion. It was hurried through the press, whilst the friends, whom he had consulted, were hoping that it was undergoing a patient revision. Thus hastily composed it was necessarily diffuse, a fault which marks his most careful writings. It might indeed have been compressed to half the size; and, as might be expected, it fell almost dead from the press. This sore trial he bore with great equanimity; but he felt it deeply. The saddest words I heard from him in his sickness, were those in which he expressed his regrets at having precipitated this publication.

It is in his reports chiefly that the history of his ministry is to be studied. These are a treasure for the man who would act wisely on the poor. They

are records of an uncommonly various experience. They show his insight into the temptations, perils, hearts of the depressed and indigent; and whilst exposing their errors and sins, breathe a never-failing sympathy. It is easy to see in these, that the great principle which animated his ministry, was an immovable faith in God's merciful purposes towards the poor. Their condition never for a moment seemed to him to separate them from their Creator. On the contrary, he felt God's presence in the narrow comfortless dwelling of the poor, as he felt it nowhere else.

His perpetual recognition of the spiritual, immortal nature of the poor gave to all his intercourse a character of tenderness and respect. He spoke to them plainly, boldly, but still as to the children of the same infinite Father. He trusted in man's moral nature, however bruised and crushed: he was sure that no heart could resist him, if he could but convince it of his sincere brotherly concern. One rule he observed almost too instinctively, to make it a rule. He always spoke encouragingly. He felt that the weight, under which the poor man's spirit was already sinking, needed no addition from the harshness of his spiritual guide. He went forth in the power of brotherly love, and found it a divine armor. On this point too much cannot be said.

The city of Boston has the honor, above all cities, of proving how much can be accomplished by a generous, affectionate mode of speech and action, among those classes of society, which it has been thought can only be reached by menace, sternness and terror. Dr. Tuckerman and his successors in their intercourse with the poor, and the Rev. Mr. Taylor in his labors among seamen, have taught us, that men, in the most unpromising conditions, are to be treated as men ; that under coarse jackets and even rags, may be found tender and noble hearts ; and that the heart, even when hardened, still responds to the voice of a true friend and brother. The horrible thought, that certain portions of society are to be kept down by appeals to their superstition and fear, has here received a refutation very cheering to the friends of humanity. Dr. Tuckerman carried among the poor his own highest views of religion, and often spoke to me of the eagerness with which they were received. He was indeed too wise a man to give them in an abstract form, or in technical language. They were steeped in his heart before they found their way to his lips ; and flowing warm and fresh from this fountain, they were drunk in as living waters, by the thirsty souls of the poor.

A great secret of Dr. Tuckerman's success lay

in his strong interest in individuals. It was not in his nature to act on masses by general methods ; he threw his soul into particular cases. Every sufferer whom he visited, seemed to awaken in him a special affection and concern. I remember well the language which he once used in regard to a man who had gone far astray. He said to me with deep emotion, "I want that man's soul ; I *must* save him." He made the worst feel, that they had a friend, and by his personal interest linked them anew with their race.

Let me add another explication of his success. He sought for something to love in all. He seized on anything good, which might remain in the fallen spirit ; on any domestic affection, any generous feeling, which might have escaped the wreck of the character. If he could but touch one chord of love, one tender recollection of home, one feeling of shame or sorrow for the past, no matter how faintly, he rejoiced and took courage, like the good physician, who, in watching over the drowned, detects a flutter of the pulse or the feeblest sign of life. His hope in such cases tended to fulfil itself. His tones awakened a like hope in the fallen. "He did not break the bruised reed or quench the smoking flax."

He began his ministry expecting to accomplish

his work by visiting and conversation, and this he always relied on as the most important means of usefulness. But he soon found, that social worship could not be dispensed with, that this was a want of human nature, that the poor, by the mere circumstance of leaving their homes and coming together in decent apparel for the worship of God, received a salutary impulse, and that, in this way, they could be brought most effectually to act on one another for good. He therefore resumed preaching, though unequal to the effort. The effect of this new situation in awakening his powers as a preacher was striking. In his sermons written for common congregations, he had never been very attractive; but his free, extemporaneous, fervent address, drew round him a crowd of poor who hung on his lips; and those who were not poor were moved by his fervent utterance. His idea of preaching underwent a great change. Whilst abstaining from public complaint, he would in private mourn over the lifeless discussions of the pulpit, which too often make the church cold as the grave.

His influence over the poor was a good deal increased by the variety of forms in which he exerted it. He was not merely a spiritual guide. He had much skill in the details of common life, was a good economist, understood much about the trades

and labors in which the poor are most occupied, could suggest expedients for diminishing expense and multiplying comforts, and by these homely gifts won the confidence of the poor. He could sympathise with them in their minutest wants and sufferings, and opened a way for his high truths by being a wise counsellor as to their worldly interests. At the very moment when he passed with some for an enthusiast, he was teaching household management to a poor woman, or contriving employment for her husband, or finding a place for her child.

This reminds me of one branch of his labors in which he took special interest. He felt deeply for the children of the poor. They were in his mind habitually as he walked the streets, and when he entered the indigent dwelling. He used to stop to inquire into the residence and history of the begging child. He visited the market and the wharf, to discover the young, who were wasting the day in sloth, taking their first lessons in the art of theft. He was unwearied in his efforts to place these children in schools; and multitudes owe to him their moral safety and the education which prepared them for respectable lives. Through his means, not a few, who had escaped all domestic control and entered on the downward path of crime, were sent to the house of reformation; and he

delighted to meet or speak of those who under this influence had been restored to innocence. To the interest which he awakened in the unprotected children of the poor, we owe chiefly the establishment of the Farm School. If any subject peculiarly occupied his thoughts and heart, it was the duty of the city to that portion of the young, who, if not adopted by society, must grow up to guilt and shame and public punishment. If his benevolence ever broke out in bitter reproach, it was in speaking of the general insensibility to the neglected child, trained up by its parents to beggary and fraud, accustomed to breathe the fumes of intemperance, and left to look on vice as its natural state. Such was his influence, that street-beggary sensibly declined among us, an effect indicating an extent of good influence, not easily apprehended.

To show his generous modes of viewing the poor, I would state, that for a time he assembled the children one afternoon in the week to give them instruction in natural history. He took great delight in this branch of knowledge, and had stored up in his mind a large number of facts, illustrative of the wisdom and goodness of God in the creation. These he used to unfold, and was able to awaken the curiosity and fix the attention of his young hearers; of which indeed they furnished

proof, by giving him a portion of time usually spent in play. His want of strength, which compelled him to relinquish the pulpit, obliged him to give up this mode of teaching after a short trial.

I mention these various exertions as illustrative of the enlarged spirit which he carried into his work. His great object was to promote religion ; but religion did not stand alone in his mind. He felt its connexion with intellectual cultivation, with wise household management, with neatness and propriety of manners, and especially with the discharge of parental duty ; and his labors may be said to have covered almost all the departments of social life. The truth is, that his heart was in his work. He did not think of it as the work of a day, or of a few years, but of life. He wanted to grow old and die in it. The world opened nothing to him in all its various callings more honorable, more godlike. His ambition, of which he had his share, and his disinterested and religious principles all flowed into this channel ; so that he acted with undivided energy, with a whole soul. Hence he became fruitful in expedients, detected new modes of influence, wound his way to his end gently and indirectly, and contrived to turn almost every thing to account. Some indeed complained, that he dragged his poor into all companies and conversation. But we must learn to bear the infirmities of a fervent spirit, and

to forgive a love which is stronger than our own, though it may happen to want the social tact, in which the indifferent and trifling are apt to make the most proficiency.

On one subject Dr. Tuckerman agreed in opinion and feeling with all who visit and labor for the poor. ' He felt, that the poverty of our city was due chiefly to Intemperance, and that this enhances infinitely the woes of a destitute condition. A poor family, into which this vice had not found its way, was a privileged place in his sight. Poverty without drunkenness hardly seemed to rank as an evil, by the side of that which drunkenness had generated. If there was one of our citizens whom he honored as eminently the friend of the poor, it was that unwearied philanthropist, who, whilst his heart and hands are open to all the claims of misery, has selected as his peculiar care, the cause of temperance. \* Dr. Tuckerman's spirit groaned under the evils of intemperance, as the ancient prophets under the burden of the woes which they were sent to denounce. The fumes of a distillery were, to his keen feelings, more noisome and deadly than the vapors of putrefaction and pestilence. He looked on a shop for vending ardent

\* Moses Grant.

spirits, as he would have looked on a pitfall opening into hell. At the sight of men, who, under all our present lights, are growing rich by spreading these poisons through the land, he felt, I doubt not, how the curses of the lost and the groans of ruined wives and children were rising up against them. I know, for I have heard, the vehemence of entreaty with which Dr. Tuckerman sometimes approached the intemperate, and he has often related to me his persevering efforts for their recovery. Could he have bequeathed to the sober and christian part of this city and Commonwealth his intense convictions in regard to this vice, it would soon be repressed ; the sanction of public authority would no longer be given to its detestable haunts ; one chief source of the miseries of our civilization would be dried up.

The influence of Dr. Tuckerman's labors was not confined to this city or country. His reports found their way to Europe, and awakened similar exertions. When his declining health obliged him to cross the ocean not many years since, he met in England a cordial welcome from kindred spirits. His society was coveted by the good and eminent, and his experience listened to with profound respect. It was his happiness to meet there Rammohun Roy. I was informed by a friend,

who was present at their interviews, that this wise and great Hindoo, whose oriental courtesy overflowed towards all, still distinguished our countryman by the affectionate veneration with which he embraced him. In France he was received with much kindness by the Baron Degerando, the distinguished philosopher and philanthropist, whose extensive and profound researches into poverty and into the means of its prevention or cure have left him no rival whether in the present or past times. This virtuous man, whose single name is enough to redeem France from the reproach, sometimes thrown on her, of indifference to the cause of humanity, has testified in private letters and in his writings his high consideration for the character and labors of our departed friend. In truth, Dr. Tuckerman's influence is now felt on both sides the ocean, and his name, linked as it is with the ministry of the poor, is one of the few among us which will be transmitted to remote posterity. There is hardly a more enduring monument, on which a man can inscribe his name, than a beneficent institution founded on the principles of human nature, and which is to act on large portions of society. Schemes of policy, accumulations of power, and almost all the writings of an age pass away. The men who make most noise, are lost and forgotten

like the blasts of a trumpet. But Institutions, wrought into a people's habits, and especially incorporated with Christianity, that immortal truth, that everlasting kingdom, endure for ages. Our friend has left a name to live ; not that a name is worth an anxious thought ; but the ambitious, who mistake for it the shout of a brief day, may be usefully reminded, that it is the meed of those who are toiling in obscure paths, and on whom they hardly deign to bestow a passing thought. Dr. Tuckerman was not wholly raised above this motive ; and who of us is ? But his work was incomparably dearer to him than renown ; he toiled for years without dreaming of the reputation it was to bestow ; and in that season of small things he used to say, that if the rich and great, who helped to sustain him, could understand the dignity and happiness of his calling, they would covet it themselves, and choose to partake the toil which they deputed to another.

There was one testimony to his usefulness which gave him pleasure, and that was the sympathy of christians who differed from him in opinion. He went among the poor to serve the purposes of no sect, but to breathe into them the spirit and hopes of Jesus Christ ; and in all sects he found hearty well-wishers, and perhaps he left on none of us

deeper impression of his piety, than on those with whose peculiarities he had least communion.

Among the propitious circumstances of the life of Dr. Tuckerman, I ought not to pass over his domestic ties. He was twice married, and each of these connexions gave him an invaluable friend. I was particularly acquainted with his last wife, with whom a large part of his life was spent, and am happy to pay this tribute to her singular worth. Her reserve and shrinking delicacy threw a veil over her beautiful character. She was little known beyond her home; but there she silently spread around her that soft, pure light, the preciousness of which is never fully understood till it is quenched. The good Providence which adapts blessings to our wants, was particularly manifested in giving to our friend such a companion. Her calm, gentle wisdom, her sweet humility, her sympathy, which, though tender, was too serene to disturb her clear perceptions, fitted her to act instinctively, and without the consciousness of either party, on his more sanguine, ardent mind. She was truly a spirit of good, diffusing a tranquillizing influence too mildly to be thought of and therefore more sure. The blow which took her from him, left a wound which time could not heal. Had his strength been continued, so that he could have gone from the

house of mourning to the haunts of poverty, he would have escaped, for a good part of the day, the sense of his bereavement. But a few minutes' walk in the street now sent him wearied home. There, the loving eye which had so long brightened at his entrance, was to shed its mild beam on him no more. There the voice, that had daily inquired into his labors, and like another conscience had whispered a sweet approval, was still. There the sympathy, which had pressed with tender hand his aching head, and by its nursing care had postponed the hour of exhaustion and disease, was gone. He was not indeed left alone ; for filial love and reverence spared no soothing offices ; but these, though felt and spoken of as most precious, could not take the place of what had been removed. This great loss produced no burst of grief. It was a still deep sorrow, the feeling of a mighty void, the last burden which the spirit can cast off. His attachment to life from this moment sensibly declined. In seasons of peculiar sensibility he wished to be gone. He kept near him the likeness of his departed friend, and spoke to me more than once of the solace which he had found in it, as what I in my more favored lot could not comprehend. He heard her voice from another world, and his anticipations of that world, always strong, became now more vivid and touching.

Enough has been said to illustrate the singular social virtues of Dr. Tuckerman. It is however true, that in his casual intercourse with strangers, he did not make as favorable an impression, as might have been expected from such a man. He seemed to those who saw him seldom, too self-conscious. His excitable temperament sometimes hurried him into extravagance of speech. His feelings sometimes prevailed over his judgment. He wanted skill to detect the point, beyond which the sympathy of the hearer could not follow him, so that he sometimes seemed to exact undue attention. The truth is, that human nature even in very good men, is disproportioned, imperfect. We sometimes express our wonder at the meeting of elements so incongruous in the same character. But is there one of us so advanced, as not to know from inward experience the contradictions of the human soul? It is cheering to think, how little our trust in superior goodness is impaired by these partial obscurations. No man perhaps saw more distinctly than myself the imperfections of the good man of whom I speak. But my confidence in his great virtues was as firm, as if he had been faultless. There was a genuineness in his love, his disinterestedness, of which I had no more doubt than of his existence. If ever man gave himself sincerely to the service of his race, it was he.—I have made

these remarks, because I have long questioned the morality and wisdom of the prevalent style of indiscriminate praise of the dead. I fear we give a suspiciousness to our delineations of our friends, by throwing over them the hues of unreal perfection. I hold no man to be worthy of eulogy, who cannot afford to be spoken of as he was, who, after the worst is known, cannot inspire reverence and love.

I have spoken of Dr. Tuckerman in relation to his fellow creatures, I should wrong him greatly if I did not speak of him in his highest relations. In these, the beauty of his character was most apparent to those, who saw farthest into his heart. Others admired his philanthropy; to me his piety was more impressive. It partook of the warmth of his nature, but was calmer, wiser, purer than his other emotions. It was simple, free, omnipresent, coming out in unaffected utterance, coloring his common thoughts and feelings, and giving strength and elevation to all his virtues. It was such a piety as might be expected from its early history, a piety breathed from the lips and caught from the beaming countenance of an excellent mother.

His religion was of the most enlarged, liberal character. He did not shut himself up even in Christianity. He took a lively interest in the testimony borne to God by nature, and in the striv-

ings of ancient philosophy after divine truth. But Christianity was his rock, his defence, his nutriment, his life. He understood the character of Jesus by sympathy, as well as felt the need of his "glad tidings." He had been a faithful student of the Old Testament, and had once thought of preparing a work on Jewish antiquities. But his growing reverence for the New Testament led him to place a vast distance between it and the ancient scriptures. At one period of his ministry, when the pressing demands of the poor compelled him to forego study entirely, I recollect his holding up to me a Greek Harmony of the Four Gospels, and his saying, that here was his library, that Christ's history was his theology, and that in the morning he snatched a moment for this, when he could find time for nothing else.

Religion in different individuals, manifests itself in different forms. In him it shone forth peculiarly in faith or filial trust, and in gratitude. His faith in God was unbounded. It never wavered, never seemed to undergo a momentary eclipse. I have seen him under an affliction, which, in a few days wrought in his appearance the change of years; and his trust was like a rock, his submission entire. Much as he saw of the crimes and miseries of life, no doubt of the merciful purposes

of God crossed his mind. Some ray of divine goodness streamed forth from the darkest trials and events. Undoubtedly his own love for the poor, helped him to comprehend, as few do, how God loved them. The whole creation spoke to him of the paternal character and infinite glory of its author. His filial piety called forth in him powers which would otherwise have slumbered. He was naturally wanting in the poetical element. He had little relish for music or the fine arts, and took no great pleasure in the higher works of imagination. But his piety opened his eye, ear, heart, to the manifestations of God in his works, revealed the beauty which surrounded him, and in this way became a source of sublime joy. On such a mind, religious controversies could take but a slight hold. He outgrew them, and hardly seemed to know that they existed. That which pervades, tranquillizes and exalts the souls of all Christians he understood ; and in his busy life, which carried him from his study, he was willing to understand nothing more.

Congenial with this cheerful faith was the spirit of gratitude. In this he was probably the more eminent, because it was favored by his temperament. He was naturally happy. There were next to no seeds of gloom, depression in his na-

ture. Life, as he first knew it was bright, joyous, unclouded ; and to this cause mainly, the volatility of his early years was to be ascribed. As the magnet searches out, and gathers round itself the scattered ore with which it has affinity, so his spirit selected and attached instinctively to itself the more cheerful views of Providence. In such a nature, piety naturally took the form of gratitude. Thanks were the common breathings of his spirit. His lot seemed to him among the most favored on earth. His blessings did not wait to be recalled to his thoughts by a set, labored search. They started up of themselves, and stood before him robed in celestial light by association with the goodness which bestowed them.

From these elements of his piety, naturally grew up a hope of future glory, progress, happiness, more unmixed than I have known in others. The other world is commonly said to throw a brightness over the present. In his case, the present also threw a brightness over the future. His constant experience of God's goodness awakened anticipations of a larger goodness hereafter. He would talk with a swelling heart, and in the most genuine language, of immortality, of Heaven, of new access to God. In truth his language was such as many good men could not always join in. The conscious unwor-

thiness of many good men throws occasional clouds over the future. But no cloud seemed ever to dim his prospect ; not that he was unconscious of unworthiness ; not that he thought of approaching Infinite Purity with a claim of merit ; such a feeling never crossed his mind. But it was so natural to him to enjoy, his sense of God's constant goodness was so vivid, and Christ's promises so accordant with his experience, that heaven came to him as a reality, without the ordinary effort which the faith and hope of most men require.

In his last sickness, his character came out in all its beauty. He had not wholly lost the natural love of life. At times, when unpromising symptoms seemed to be giving way, he would use the means of recovery with hope. But generally he felt himself a dying man, whose chief work was finished, who had little to do with the world, but to leave it. I have regretted, that I did not take notes of some of his conversations. It was unsafe for him to talk, as the least excitement increased his burning fever ; but when I would start an interesting topic, a flood of thoughts would rush into his mind, and compel him to give them utterance. The future state was of course often present to him ; and his conceptions of the soul's life and progress, in its new and nearer relations to God, to Christ, to the just made perfect,

seemed to transport him for a time beyond the darkness and pains of his present lot. To show that there was no morbidness in these views, I ought to observe, that they were mingled with the natural tastes and feelings, which had grown from his past life. In his short seasons of respite from exhaustion and suffering, he would talk with interest of the more important events of the day, and would seek recreation in books which had formerly entertained him. He was the same man as in health, with nothing forced or unnatural in his elevation of mind. He had always taken great pleasure in the writings of the moralists of antiquity, and perhaps the last book I put into his hands was Cicero's *Tusculan Questions*, which he read with avidity and delight. So comprehensive was his spirit, that whilst Christ was his hope, and Christian perfection his aspiration he still rejoiced to discern in the great Roman, on whom Christian truth had not yet dawned, such deep reverence for the majesty of virtue. It might be expected that, "His ruling passion was strong in death." To the last moment of my intercourse with him, the poor were in his heart. As he had given them his life, so death could not divide him from them.

One affecting view remains to be given. Dr. Tuckerman was a martyr to his cause. That his life was shortened by excessive toil cannot be

doubted. His friends forewarned him of this result. He saw the danger himself, and once and again resolved to diminish his labors ; but when he retreated from the poor, they followed him to his house, and he could not resist their supplicating looks and tones. To my earnest and frequent remonstrance on this point he at times replied, that his ministry might need a victim, that labors beyond his strength might be required to show what it was capable of effecting, and that he was willing to suffer and to die for the cause. Living thus he grew prematurely old. His walks became more and more narrow. Then he was imprisoned at home. The prostration of strength was followed by a racking cough and burning fever. As we have seen, his last sickness was a bright testimony to his piety. But its end was sorrowful. By a mysterious ordination of Providence, the capacity of suffering often survives unimpaired, whilst the reason and affections seem to decay. So was it here. In the last hours of our friend, the body seemed to prevail over the power of thought. He died in fearful pain. He was borne amidst agonies into the higher world. At length his martyrdom ceased ; and who of us can utter or conceive the blessedness of the spirit, rising from this thick darkness into the light of Heaven ?

Such was the founder of the Ministry at Large

in this city, a man whom I thoroughly knew ; a man whose imperfections I could not but know, for they stood out on the surface of his character ; but who had a great heart, who was willingly a victim to the cause which in the love and fear of God he had espoused, and who has left behind him as a memorial, not this fleeting tribute of friendship, but an institution which is to live for ages, and which entitles him to be ranked among the benefactors of this city and the world. When he began his work, he had no anticipation of such an influence and such an honor. He thought that he was devoting himself to an obscure life. He did not expect that his name would be heard beyond the dwellings of the poor. He was contented with believing, that here and there an individual or a family would receive strength, light and consolation from his ministry. But gradually the idea that he was beginning a movement, that might survive him, and might more and more repress the worst social evils, opened on his mind. He saw more and more clearly, that the Ministry at Large, with other agencies, was to change the aspect of a large portion of society. It became his deliberate conviction, and one which he often repeated, that great cities need not be haunts of vice and poverty ; that in this city, there were now intelligence, virtue and piety

enough, could they be brought into united action, to give a new intellectual and moral life to the more neglected classes of society. In this faith he acted, toiled, suffered and died. His gratitude to God for sending him into this field of labor never failed him. For weeks before he left the country, never to return, I was almost the only visitor whom he had strength to see; and it was a joy to look on his pale, emaciated face, lighted up with thankfulness for the work which had been given him to do, and with the hope that it would endure and grow when he should sleep in the dust. From such a life and such a death, let us learn to love our poor and suffering brethren; and, as we have ability, let us send to them faithful and living men, whose sympathy, councils, prayers, will assuage sorrow, awaken the conscience, touch the heart, guide the young, comfort the old, and shed over the dark paths of this life the brightness of the life to come.

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APPENDIX.



## A P P E N D I X .

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IN the preceding Discourse, I have not spoken very distinctly of one part of Dr. Tuckerman's character, the strength of his attachment to individuals. He was not absorbed in one great object. The private and public affections lived together in him harmoniously and with equal fervor. His experience of life had not the common effect of chilling his early enthusiasm or his susceptibility of ardent attachment. He was true to old friends and prepared for new ones. His strong interest and delight in Dr. Follen and Dr. Spurzheim showed, how naturally his heart opened itself to noble-minded strangers. From the latter, his mind received a leaning towards phrenology. When he went to England, his sympathies created a home for him wherever he stayed. Where other men would have made acquaintance, he formed friendships. One of these was so precious to him, and

contributed so much to the happiness of both parties, that it deserves notice in a memoir of him. I refer to his friendship with Lady Byron. Of his college class-mates there were others as well as myself who enjoyed much of his affection to the last. One of these was Jonathan Phillips, Esq., whom he accompanied to Europe, and who had a true reverence for his goodness. The other was Judge Story, so eminent as a Jurist at home and abroad. While the preceding Discourse was passing through the press, I wrote to the latter, requesting him to communicate to me his reminiscences of our friend; and with characteristic kindness and warmth of heart, he sent me the following letter, written, as he says, in haste, but which will give much pleasure to all who have an interest in the deceased. I publish it the more gladly, because his views of our friend's life at college are more favorable than those which I have given.

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TO THE REV. W. E. CHANNING, D. D.

*Cambridge, April 10, 1841.*

MY DEAR SIR:

I COMPLY very cheerfully with your request, although there are very few reminiscences of our late lamented class-mate and friend,

the Rev. Dr. Tuckerman, which I could supply, which are not already familiar to your mind. During our collegiate life, my acquaintance with him was but slight, until my junior year, when he became my chum ; and so pleasant and confidential was our intercourse during that year, that we should undoubtedly have continued chums during the remainder of our college studies, if some family arrangements had not made it convenient for him to adopt a different course. The change, however, did not prove the slightest interruption of our intercourse and friendship ; and I feel great gratification in saying, that, from that period until the close of his life, I am not conscious that there was on either side any abatement of mutual affection and respect ; and whenever and wherever we met, it was with the warm welcome of early and unsuspected friendship.

Many of the characteristics so fully developed in his later life, were clearly manifested when our acquaintance first commenced. During his college life he did not seem to have any high relish for most of the course of studies then pursued. He had an utter indifference, if not dislike, to mathematics, and logic, and metaphysics ; and but a slight inclination for natural philosophy. He read the prescribed classical writers with moderate dili-

gence, not so much as a matter of taste or ambition, as of duty, and as a task belonging to the recitation room, the Latin being uniformly preferred to the Greek. And yet I should not say, that he was idle or indolent, or without a strong desire of improvement. His principal pleasure lay in a devotion to the more open and facile branches of literature, and especially of English literature. History, moral philosophy, poetry, the drama, and the class of studies generally known by the name of belles-lettres, principally attracted his attention ; and in these his reading was at once select and various. The writings of Addison, Johnson, and Goldsmith were quite familiar to him. The historical works of Robertson, and Gillies, and Ferguson, and other authors distinguished in that day, as well as the best biographical works, were within the range of his studies. In poetry he was more attached to those who addressed the feelings and imagination, than to those who addressed the understanding, and moralized their song in the severe language of the condensed expression of truth, or the pungent pointedness of satire, or the sharp sallies of wit. Gray's Bard, and Collins's Ode to the Passions were his favorites ; and above all, Shakspeare, in whose writings he was thoroughly well read ; and often declaimed many of the most stirring passages with

the spirit and interest of the dramatic action of the stage. Young's *Night Thoughts* seemed to be almost the only work, which from its deep and touching appeals, and elevated devotion, and darkened descriptions of life, and sudden bursts of eloquence and enthusiasm, made him feel at that time the potency of genius employed in unfolding religious truths. He possessed, also, a singular readiness and facility in composition, perhaps what would by some persons be deemed a dangerous facility. What he wrote, he threw off at once in the appropriate language, rarely correcting his first sketch, and not ambitious of condensing or refining the materials by successive efforts.

I have thus far spoken of his taste and intellectual pursuits and attachments in our college life. But what I most delight to dwell on are his warm-hearted benevolence, his buoyant and cheerful temper, his active, sympathetic charity, his gentle and frank manners, and above all, that sunniness of soul, which cast a bright light over all hours, and made our fireside one of the most pleasant of all social scenes. So uniform, indeed, was his kindness and desire to oblige, that I do not remember a single instance, in which he ever betrayed either a hastiness of temper or a flash of resentment. He was accustomed to distribute a portion

of his weekly allowance among the poor, and the friendless, and the suffering. His love of morals and virtue was as ardent, as it was elevated. His conduct was blameless and pure. I do not believe, that he ever wrote a word, which, dying he could have wished to blot on account of impurity of thought or allusion ; and his conversation was at all times, that which might have been heard by the most delicate and modest ears. Occasionally his buoyancy of spirits might lead him to indulge in giddy dreaminess, or romantic fervors, such as belong to the untried hopes and inexperience of youth. But it might with truth be said, that, even if he had any failings in this respect, they leaned to virtue's side.

I confess, however, that the opening of his literary career did not then impress me with the notion, that he would afterwards attain in his profession and character the eminence, to which every one will now deem him justly entitled. He seemed to want that steadiness of purpose, which looks difficulties in the face, and overcomes obstacles, because a high object lies behind them. His mind touched and examined many subjects, but was desultory and varying in its efforts. I was in this view mistaken ; and I overlooked the probable effects upon a mind, like his, of deep religious

sensibility, and, if I may so say, of an enthusiasm for goodness, when combined with a spirit of glowing benevolence.

When we quitted college our opportunities of familiar intercourse, from the wide diversity of our pursuits, as well as from our local distance, were necessarily diminished. I saw him only at distant intervals, while he was engaged in his preparatory studies for the ministry ; and when, on entering his study one day, I found him reading Griesbach's edition of the **New Testament** with intense attention, and in his comments on it in our conversation, discoursing with a force and discrimination, which showed the earnestness with which he was endeavoring to master his profession, a new light struck upon me, and I began to perceive that he was redeeming his time, and disciplining his thoughts to the highest purposes. During his residence, after his settlement at Chelsea, I saw him frequently, either at Salem, where I then resided, or at Chelsea, where I took occasion on my visits to Boston, to pass some time at his house. His improvement was constantly visible ; his studies more expanded ; his knowledge more exact, as well as various ; and his piety, that beautiful ornament so deeply set in his character, shining forth with its deep, and mild, and benignant light, with a peculiar

attractiveness. I remember, that for a long time Tucker's *Light of Nature* was one of his favorite studies ; and he made it the theme both of his praise and his criticism at many of our meetings. It was while he was at Chelsea, the minister of a comparatively small and isolated parish, that he nourished and matured the great scheme of his life and ambition, the *Ministry at Large for the Poor*. I need not dwell upon its beneficial effects, or its extraordinary success. I deem it one of the most glorious triumphs of Christian charity over the cold and reluctant doubts of popular opinion. The task was full of difficulties, to elevate the poor into a self-consciousness of their duty and destiny, and to bring the rich into sympathy with them ; to relieve want and suffering without encouraging indolence or sloth ; to give religious instruction, where it was most needed, freely and without stint, and thus to widen the sphere, as well as the motives to virtue, among the desolate and the desponding. It was in fact doing what Burke has so beautifully expressed. It was to remember the forgotten.

But I am wandering from my purpose, and speaking to one who fully understands, and has eagerly supported this excellent institution — and yet, I think, you will agree with me in saying, that its establishment and practical success was mainly

owing to the uncompromising zeal, and untiring benevolence of Dr. Tuckerman. It was the crowning labor of his life, and entitles him to a prominent rank among the benefactors of mankind.

I do not know any one, who exemplified in his life and conduct a more fervent or unaffected piety, than Dr. Tuckerman did. It was cheerful, confiding, fixed, and uniform. It was less an intellectual exercise than a homage of the heart. It sprung from a profound feeling of the mercy and goodness of God. It was reverential ; but at the same time filial. His death was in perfect keeping with his life ; it was a good man's end with a good man's Christian resignation, hope, and confidence.

It was in the summer which preceded his death, that, on his recovery from a severe illness, he rode out to Cambridge. He came to my house, and in his warm, yet anxious manner, said to me, "I could not pass your house, my friend, without desiring to see you once more before I died. I have been very ill, and as I thought, very near to death. But I was tranquil and resigned, and ready to depart, if it was God's good pleasure. And I felt no fears." He stayed with me some time, as long as I would allow him in his then feeble state of health. He talked over our long friendship, our

youthful doings, our advancing years. And when we parted, he bade me a most affectionate farewell. It was our final farewell — I saw his face no more.

I send you, my dear sir, these hasty sketches, such as they are, with a flying pen. I cannot suppose, that there is anything in them which would not have occurred more forcibly to others, who knew Dr. Tuckerman. But I was unwilling to withhold my tribute to the great excellencies of his character, his zeal in all good works, and his diffusive benevolence.

“His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani Munere.”

Believe me, truly and affectionately,

Your Class-mate and Friend,

JOSEPH STORY.

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A friend has kindly translated the following from the Introduction to Baron de Gerando's late work on Public Charity :

In a work, recently published in Boston, by the respectable Dr. Tuckerman, we have a very remarkable exemplification of this assiduous, enlightened charity, quickened by religious sentiment. Dr. Tuckerman holds the offices of Minister at Large and distributor of charity to the indigent people of the city of Boston, and renders to a society of which he is the delegate, a yearly account of his ministrations and observations. A work that he has just published contains the substance of a series of periodical reports, which throw invaluable light upon the condition and wants of the indigent, and the influence which an enlightened charity can exert. As we read, we follow the steps of the minister of the gospel, carrying assistance and consolation into the bosom of families, overwhelmed with misfortune ; and raising the debased, reforming the depraved. In such a school we learn the secrets of the art of benevolence. The author finds occasion, in treating this subject, to rise to the highest views of the theory and rules of this art.

He makes his readers feel all the power of Christianity for the moral improvement of the lower classes ; he compares the legislation in his own country in respect to the poor, with that of England and Scotland ; discusses the rights of the indigent ; and compares the relative situations of the rich and the poor in order to the discovery of their mutual duties. He particularly discriminates between poverty and pauperism, and points out the grievous effects of the error which confounds them.

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The following Biographical Sketch of Dr. Tuckerman is taken from an article upon his life and character, by Rev. E. S. Gannett, in the Monthly Miscellany of Religion and Letters, July, 1840.

JOSEPH TUCKERMAN was born in Boston, January 18, 1778. Of the early instructions of his mother, a truly pious woman, he always spoke with peculiar gratitude. His youth was passed in preparation for college partly at Phillips Academy in Andover, and partly in the family of Rev. Mr. Thacher, of Dedham. In 1794 he entered Harvard College, where he was graduated in 1798, as one of the class to which Judge Story and Rev. Dr. Channing also belonged. His preparatory studies for the ministry were pursued under the direction of Rev. Mr. Thacher, of Dedham. Soon after he began to preach, he received an invitation to become the successor of Rev. Dr. Payson at Chelsea, where he was ordained November 4, 1801. In June, 1803, he was married to a daughter of the late Samuel Parkman, Esq., of this city, who died in the summer of 1807. In November, 1808, he was again married, to Miss

Sarah Cary, of Chelsea, who after thirty-one years of the most happy connexion, was taken to a higher life, leaving a remembrance dear to the hearts of a large circle of friends. In 1816 Mr. Tuckerman visited England in the hope of deriving benefit to his health, but was absent only a short time ; after his return he suffered much from dyspepsy, and never recovered the full tone of health. He continued in the active discharge of the duties of his ministry till the spring of 1826, when he felt the necessity of relinquishing in some measure the labors of the pulpit, and his mind, which had become much interested in the condition of the neglected poor of our cities, sought an opportunity of conducting a ministry peculiarly suited to their wants. On the 4th of November, 1826, just twenty-five years from the day of his ordination, he preached his farewell sermon at Chelsea, and immediately commenced his service in Boston, to which place he soon removed with his family. He was at first assisted in this work by a private Association of gentlemen, who had for some time held stated meetings for their own religious improvement and for conference upon the means of benevolent action ; but he was very soon appointed a Minister at Large in this city by the Executive Committee of the American Unitarian Association, who became re-

sponsible for the small salary which he received, and which for several years was raised by the contributions of ladies in our different congregations. In 1828 the Friend Street Chapel was erected for his use, as a place of worship for those whom he had brought to a sense of the value of religious institutions, but who were unable to pay for the privileges of the sanctuary. His untiring zeal in this ministry, the success of his labors among the poor, and the extent of his influence over the rich, evinced particularly in the confidence which they reposed in him as the almoner of their charities, were subjects of too familiar remark to need any illustration. The ardor with which he prosecuted his labors was too much for his bodily strength, and in 1833 he again visited Europe in company with his friend, Mr. Phillips, and passed a year abroad, principally in England, where he formed many valuable friendships, and was instrumental in awakening much interest in his favorite subject—the moral elevation of the neglected and vicious poor. On his return he found the Ministry at Large placed on a more stable foundation than he had left it, the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches having been organized with a special view to its support. A more commodious chapel was erected, and younger laborers were associated with him. His own ability

to render active service was, however, irretrievably impaired. The winter of 1836-7 he was obliged to spend in the milder climate of St. Croix, from which he returned, as it was thought, much benefited. But the vital force was too nearly exhausted. Repeatedly prostrated by disease, he rose only to show the steadfastness of those principles and purposes which filled his soul, and sunk again, as if to prove the constancy of the faith which seemed to gain new power from suffering and bereavement. From a severe illness in the autumn of 1839 he so far revived, that after much hesitation a voyage to Cuba was recommended as the only means of prolonging his life. He sailed for Havana, and soon sought the interior of the island ; but a short trial proved the hopelessness of the attempt to recruit an exhausted frame, and he returned with the daughter who was his devoted companion to Havana, where after some days of extreme debility, attended with great suffering, he died, April 20, 1840, in his sixty-third year.

Dr. Tuckerman received the honorary degree of Doctor in Divinity from Harvard University in 1826. It was a tribute to his ministerial fidelity. His published writings are few, excepting those which arose from his connexion with the Ministry at Large. One of the last services he rendered to

this institution was the preparation of a volume, which we fear has not obtained a wide circulation, upon "The Principles and Results of the Ministry at Large."

At a meeting of the Central Board of the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches, May 10, 1840, the following resolution was unanimously passed :

"*Resolved*, That the death of Rev. Joseph Tuckerman, D. D., demands on the part of this Board an expression of their deep sense of the value of his services to this community, and that recognizing in him the first incumbent, if not the founder,\* of the present institution of the Ministry at Large, they cannot but acknowledge the useful-

\* In strictness of speech it might be doubted if Dr. Tuckerman should be styled the *founder* of the Ministry at Large, as gratuitous instruction to the poor had been given both by laymen and clergymen before his removal to Boston. In 1822 the Association to which we have adverted had established evening religious lectures for those who attended no place of worship during the day; and Rev. Dr. Jenks was employed by another Society in visiting and preaching to the poor. When Dr. Tuckerman came to Boston, his own mind had not clearly defined its plans of operation, and the idea which was subsequently expanded into the institution of the Ministry at Large had not, perhaps, proceeded beyond a general purpose of devoting himself to the spiritual benefit of those who had no religious teacher or friend. The Committee of the American Unitarian Association must also share in the honor of establishing this ministry. But as it was his perseverance and success that gave both form and efficiency to the institution, it is but a small deviation from accuracy to call him its founder.

ness of a life, the last years of which were devoted to this institution, in whose service his strength was exhausted ; and while they submit to the Divine will, that has deprived them of the counsels and labors of this Christian philanthropist, they would cherish his spirit and hold up his example before themselves and others, as a motive and a guide to future exertions in behalf of the neglected and the sinful.”

A resolution similar in character was passed at the annual meeting of the American Unitarian Association, May 26, 1840, viz :

“ *Resolved*, That the death of Rev. Dr. Tuckerman, senior Minister at Large in this city, an institution once under the care of this Association, demands the expression of our sincere respect for his memory, our deep gratitude for his services ; and while we regret that his life of eminent usefulness and distinguished christian philanthropy is closed, we would bow with submission to the divine will, and gather from his example lessons to quicken and guide our own efforts in the cause of human happiness and virtue.”

Dr. Tuckerman's remains were brought to this country, and the funeral service was attended in King's Chapel, where he had been accustomed to worship during the last years of his life, in the afternoon of May 26. They were afterwards deposited at Mount Auburn.

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